

Scepter, Slaveship

From the wastes of africa
Taken from your homes
Stolen by invaders and
Or sold out by your own
Clapped in irons prey to gunfire
Succumb to the attack
Once you set foot on that ship
There's no turning back
You are on fucking slaveship now
Your graven god cannot save you now
You must bow down to the most high
obliteration of name and identity
Underneath a blistering white sky
What fate awaits among you no one knows
That's for your master to decide
Breathing in the stench of tho who were alive
Only unlucky ones survive
Cry for reparations paid
Will go unheard by me
I won't bound by the chains
Of your self-imposed slavery